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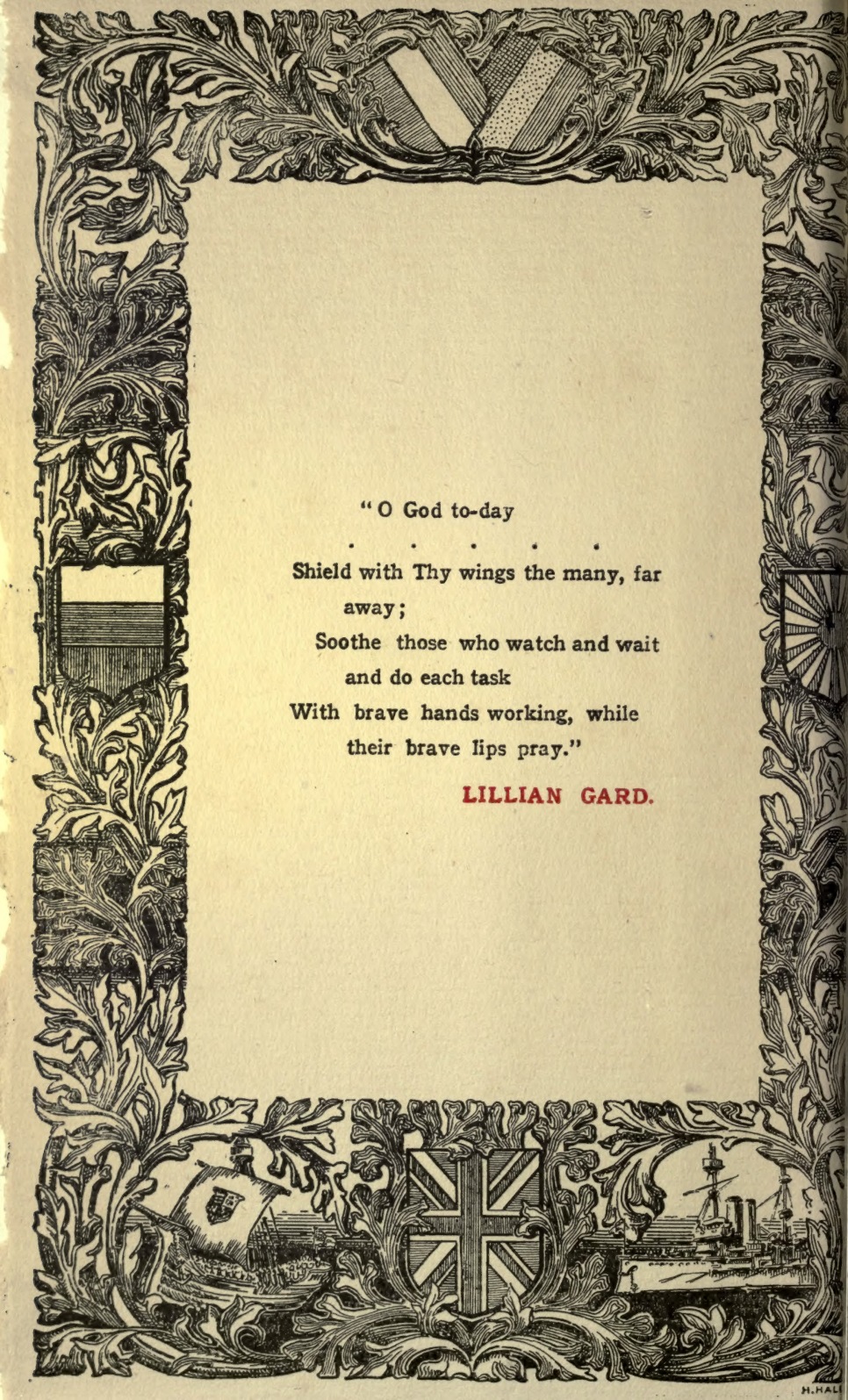


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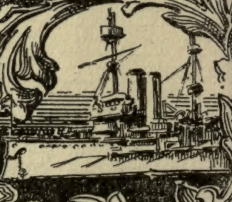
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LEST WE FORGET



"O God to-day
Shield with Thy wings the many, far
away;
Soothe those who watch and wait
and do each task
With brave hands working, while
their brave lips pray."

LILLIAN GARD.





UNCONQUERABLE.

THE KAISER. "SO, YOU SEE YOU'VE LOST EVERYTHING."
THE KING OF THE BELGIANS. "NOT MY SOUL."

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LEST WE FORGET

A WAR ANTHOLOGY

EDITED BY
H. B. ELLIOTT

FOREWORD BY
BARONESS ORCZY

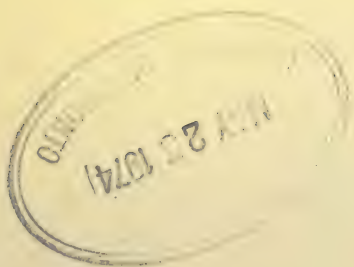


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NOTE.

THE purpose for which this Anthology has been compiled is to aid the Queen Mary Needlework Guild, and it is earnestly hoped that so worthy an object, may secure for the book such a measure of success as will ensure a considerable addition being made to the Fund.

Among so many volumes of a similar nature it is inevitable that one or perhaps two poems should be duplicated, but in these cases their very excellence will doubtless save them from becoming hackneyed thereby.

I am under a heavy obligation to the various authors who have so generously placed their verses at my disposal, to the papers and reviews in which they have previously appeared, and also to the representatives of the late Mr. James Elroy Flecker for permission to reprint "God Save the King" (one of the last compositions from the pen of this gifted author); to the proprietors of "Punch" for their

FOREWORD

those who have so bravely gone. It is their skill, their industry, their devotion which makes our gallant soldiers' and sailors' lives at the post of duty a little more happy and a little more comfortable. The warm clothing, which loving fingers at home fashion for the magnificent man who fights on land or at sea, is a comfort not only to his body, but also for his heart, for it reminds him of home, of brave hands that work while brave lips are praying for him.

It is to aid this work that this book has been compiled ; it is to the workers that it is dedicated. Cheered by the patronage of a gracious Queen they will continue their labour of love so long as their fingers have the strength to wield needles and pins, and in the years to come, when the history of the twentieth century comes to be written, not its least heroic page will be the account of how the women and girls of Great Britain bore their part in the Great War by working for the material comfort of Britain's fighting men.

EMMUSKA ORCZY.

*Snowfield,
Bearsted,
Kent.*

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“ ODE.”

I.

ON that long day when England held
her breath,
Suddenly gripped at heart
And called to choose her part
Between her loyal soul and luring sophis-
tries,
We watched the wide, green-bosomed land
beneath
Driven and tumultuous skies ;
We watched the volley of white shower
after shower
Desolate with fierce drops the fallen flower ;
And still the rain's retreat
Drew glory on its track,
And still, when all was darkness and
defeat,
Upon dissolving cloud the bow of peace
shone back.
So in our hearts was alternating beat,
With every dread elate ;
And Earth dyed all her day in colours of
our fate.

LEST WE FORGET

II.

But, oh, how faint the image we foretold
In fancies of our fear
Now that the truth is here
And we awake from dream, yet think it
still a dream.
It bursts our thoughts with more than
thought can hold ;
And more than human seem
These agonies of conflict ; Elements
At war ! yet not with vast indifference
Casually crushing ; nay,
It is as if were hurled
Lightnings that murdered, seeking out their
prey ;
As if an earthquake shook to chaos half the
world,
Equal in purpose as in power to slay ;
And thunder stunned our ears
Streaming in rain of blood on torrents that
are tears.

III.

Around a planet rolls the drum's alarm.
Far where the summer smiles
Upon the utmost isles,
Danger is treading silent as a fever-breath.
Now in the North the secret waters arm ;

LEST WE FORGET

Under the wave is Death :
They fight in the very air, the virgin air,
Hovering on fierce wings to the onset ;
 there
Nations to battle stream ;
Earth smokes and cities burn ;
Heaven thickens in a storm of shells that
 scream ;
The long lines shattering break, turn and
 again return ;
And still across a continent they teem,
Moving in myriads ; more
Than ranks of flesh and blood, but soul with
 soul at war !

IV.

All the hells are awake : the old serpents
 hiss
From dungeons of the mind ;
Fury of hate born blind,
Madness and lust, despairs and treacheries
 unclean ;
They shudder up from man's most dark
 abyss.
But there are heavens serene
That answer strength with strength ; they
 stand secure ;
They arm us from within, and we endure.

LEST WE FORGET

Now are the brave more brave,
Now is the cause more dear,
The more the tempests of the darkness rave,
As, when the sun goes down, the shining
stars are clear.
Radiant the spirit rushes to the grave.
Glorious it is to live
In such an hour, but life is lovelier yet to
give.

V.

Alas ! what comfort for the uncomforted,
Who knew no cause, nor sought
Glory or gain ? they are taught,
Homeless in homes that burn, what human
hearts can bear.
The children stumble over their dear dead,
Wandering they know not where.
And there is one who simply fights, obeys,
Tramps, till he loses count of nights and
days,
Tired, mired in dust and sweat,
Far from his own hearthstone ;
A common man of common earth, and yet
The battle-winner he, a man of no renown,
Where food for cannon pays a nation's
debt.
This is Earth's hero, whom
The pride of Empire tosses careless to his
doom.

LEST WE FORGET

VI.

Now will we speak, while we have eyes for
tears
And fibres to be wrung
And in our mouths a tongue.
We will bear wrongs untold, but will not
only bear ;
Not only bear, but build through striving
years
The answer of our prayer,
That whosoever has the noble name
Of man shall not be yoked to alien shame ;
That life shall be indeed
Life, not permitted breath
Of spirits wrenched and forced to other's
need,
Robbed of their nature's joy and free alone
in death.
The world shall travail in that cause, shall
bleed ;
But deep in hope it dwells
Until the morning break which the long
night foretells.

VII.

O children, filled with your own airy glee,
Or with a grief that comes
So swift, so strange, it numbs,

LEST WE FORGET

If on your growing youth this page of
terror bite,
Harden not then your senses, feel and be
The promise of the light.
O heirs of Man, keep in your hearts not less
The divine torrents of his tenderness !
'Tis ever war ; but rust
Grows on the sword ; the tale
Of earth is strewn with empires heaped in
dust
Because they dreamed that force should
punish and prevail.
The will to kindness lives beyond their lust ;
Their grandeurs are undone :
Deep, deep within man's soul are all his
victories won.

LAURENCE BINYON.

Fortnightly Review.

LEST WE FORGET

THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

YOUR faces haunt me from the
printed pages,
The roll call of our valiant English
dead ;

What woman's hands, I wonder, clung in
parting ?

What woman's heart breaks now the shot
is sped ?

We speak of Glory and the Cause you died
for,

We lay our homage on your blood-
stained grave,

Will Glory help to ease the women's
anguish

Or solace them for these dear dead they
gave ?

Yea, surely. For your spirits go before
them,

You, who made Death a crown about
your lives !

And in the splendour of your souls that
conquered

We learn this lesson. Blessed is he who
strives,

LEST WE FORGET

For Love and Faith, for Truth and priceless
Honour,
These cannot pass away with mortal
breath,
God guards them safe, and in His mighty
keeping
Are also those who nobly looked on
Death !

MARGARET PETERSON,

Author of "The Lure of the Little Drum,"

"Blind Eyes," "Tony Bellew," etc.

Daily Chronicle.

LEST WE FORGET

LITANY IN WAR-TIME.

NOW that the heavens are opened,
Now that the call has come,
Now that Hell's driven legions
Strike the old voices dumb ;
Now that Thy hand is upon us,
Now that our trial begins,
Lord God of love as of battles—
Lord, forgive us our sins !

The naked we have not clothèd,
The hungry we have not fed,
The women degraded and outcast,
The children crying for bread !
Vanity, sloth and falsehood,
Luxury, greed and fear,
Help, Lord, to cast them behind us,
Now that Thy Word is clear.

Set not our blindness before Thee !
Open our eyes to see—
To see in this darkness the glory
Of Thy great peace to be !
If for our sins we must perish,
Grant us the grace, Most High—
If for our sins we must perish,—
Yet for this cause to die !

* * * * *

LEST WE FORGET

High above fears and chances
Our England that is to be !
Peace upon earth, goodwill among men,
Justice and Liberty.
High in the raging storm-wind
The banner of England streams :
England ! our city of heart's desire,
The England of our dreams.

Thou wilt not fail that England,
Living, or dying we know.
Lord, we have nothing to fear from
mischance,
Nothing to fear from the foe :
Wrapped in their own desolation,
By terror and death bestrid ;
Lord, in that hour have mercy on them
Who knew not what they did.

Now that the heavens are opened,
Now that the trump is blown,
Lord, Thou wilt search the nations,
Lord, Thou wilt know Thine own !
High in the raging storm-wind
The banner of England streams :
England ! our city of heart's desire,
The England of our dreams !

J. W. ALLEN.

New Witness.

LEST WE FORGET

SOLDIER, SOLDIER.

SOLDIER, soldier, off to the war,
Take me a letter to my sweetheart O.

He's gone away to France
With his carbine and his lance,
And a lock of brown hair of his sweetheart O.

Fair maid of London, happy may you be
To know so much of your sweetheart O.
There's not a handsome lad,
To get the chance he's had,
But would skip, with a kiss for his sweetheart O.

Soldier, soldier, whatever shall I do
If the cruel Germans take my sweetheart O ?
They'll pen him in the jail
And starve him thin and pale,
With never a kind word from his sweetheart O.

Fair maid of London, is that all you see
Of the lad you've taken for your sweetheart O ?

LEST WE FORGET

He'll make his prison ring
With his God Save the King
And his God bless the blue eyes of my
sweetheart O !

Soldier, soldier, if by shot or shell
They wound him, my dear lad, my sweet-
heart O,
He'll lie bleeding in the rain
And call me, all in vain,
Crying for the fingers of his sweetheart O.

Pretty one, pretty one, now take a word
from me :
Don't you grudge the life-blood of your
sweetheart O.
For you must understand
He gives it to our land,
And proud should fly the colours of his
sweetheart O.

Soldier, soldier, my heart is growing cold—
If a German shot kill my sweetheart O !
I could not lift my head
If my dear love lay dead
With his wide eyes waiting for his sweet-
heart O.

LEST WE FORGET

Poor child, poor child, go to church and
pray,
Pray God to spare you your sweetheart O.
But if he live or die
The English flag must fly,
And England take care of his sweetheart O !

MAURICE HEWLETT.

LEST WE FORGET

THE WOMEN OF BELGIUM TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

O H, English women ! see, our coun-
try's dying ;
Her life-blood from her gaping
wounds is sighing,
Her bitter wrongs to God for vengeance
crying !

The Iron hand has struck, but in the
smiting
Its own dishonour on the wall is writing,
And Belgium's funeral pyre the world is
lighting.

If we had failed or shrunk before the
paying,
If we had saved our dearest from the
slaying,
What price had you not paid for the delay-
ing ?

Oh, mothers ! who your man-grown sons
are keeping,
Oh, fathers ! to the patriot's duty, sleeping,
Oh, lovers ! at the thought of parting,
weeping,
Awake, and give us Men to do our Reap-
ing !

The Queen.

MARY BOOTH.

LEST WE FORGET

LE JOUR DES MORTS.

THE day of the dead, the day of
the dead,
Down on your knees and pray,
For the souls of the living, the souls
of the dying,
The souls that have passed away.

And the great bell tolls
For the treasure of souls
Delivered into his hand,
Gabriel, Michael, Uriel, reap
Souls as a measure of sand,
Souls from the restless deep,
Souls from the blood-red land.

The day of the dead, the day of the dead,
Down on your knees and pray,
For the souls of the outcast, despised and
rejected,
The heroes and victors to-day.

LEST WE FORGET

And the great bell rings,
And the great bell swings,
As death makes up the number
Of men's lives as grains of sand,
From the decks their bodies cumber,
From the panting shivering land,
From crash and shriek to slumber.

The day of the dead, the day of the dead,
Up on your feet and stand
For the souls of the living, the fighting, the
striving,
For the gun and the sword in hand.

And His Transfiguration
Descends on a nation,
And death is a little thing,
And lives as a grain of sand.
Michael, Gabriel, Uriel, bring
From the desolate blood-red land,
From the tall ships foundering.

The day of the dead, the day of the dead,
Down on your knees and pray
For the souls of the living, the souls of the
dying,
The souls that have passed away.

FRANCES CHESTERTON.

LEST WE FORGET

THE MEN WHO MAN.

THE men who man our batteries,
The men who serve our guns,
They need not honeyed flatteries,
For they are Britain's sons !
They go, when Duty speeds them,
Wherever bullets fly ;
Wherever England needs them,
When Duty bids, they die.

The men who man our strongholds,
Or march to yonder field
Where Valour against Wrong holds
A realm that scorns to yield,
From Chiltern Hills or Grampians
May pour their living tide,
But all are England's champions
And all are England's pride.

And, lo ! how the abhorrence
Of sceptred crime can join
The Thames and the St. Lawrence,
The Liffey and the Boyne.
For England need but ask aid
Where'er her branches grow,
And like a leaping cascade
It thunders on the foe.

LEST WE FORGET

Our cheery sailors, lapt in
The maiden sea's light sleep,
From commodore and captain
To all who man the deep,
They hear around their bed nought
But echoes of their fame,
And well they man the Dreadnought
Who dread not aught but shame.

And whether calmly harboured,
Or when the rocking State
Lurches to port and starboard,
They sail the seas of Fate ;
With everlasting laughter
They luff to wind and rain,
Aforetime and hereafter
The men who man the main.

The men who man Great Britain,
And fight for royal George,
On battle's anvil smitten
Leap mightier from the forge :
Like oaks in Orkney's rough spring
They flourish torn and blown,
For all are Honour's offspring
And all are England's own.

The men who man this nation,
And sow her fame abroad,
They ask not acclamation,
They need not England's laud ;

LEST WE FORGET

And when too late it finds them,
And falls on lifeless ears,
Where yon red tempest blinds them
They need but England's tears.

Yet, while the storm grows vaster
Around them and above,
In triumph or disaster
They shall not lack our love—
They who to Glory's fanning
This streamer have unfurled,
The men whose joy is manning,
The men who man the world !

WILLIAM WATSON.

Saturday Review.

LEST WE FORGET

SUSPENSE.

O'ER oceans, lands, bend down, O
God to-day,
And as we ask,
Shield with Thy wings the many,
far away ;
Soothe those who watch and wait and do
each task
With brave hands working, while their
brave lips pray.

'Tis but a little world, O God, to Thee,
Who rulest all !
'Tis such a little way earth-sight may see
The dusk-times fall.
Across each hour, perchance—we dare not
face
Such shades alone—unstrengthened ! Send
us Grace.

LILLIAN GARD.

The Queen.

LEST WE FORGET

THE NATION'S DAVID.

[Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman is a distinguished American novelist and journalist. Many of his works have been translated into French, Russian, Belgian, Italian, and other European languages.]

ERECT before Hell's hurricane, be-
tween the Germans and the sea,
Belgium, still smiling through your
pain ; still, in the hour of ruin, free ;
While yet the cannon's note resounds along
each poplar-bordered way,
O, bleeding Belgium, to your wounds what
mankind owes what man may say ?

Long years, while battle came and went afar
at Fate's malign caprice,
Your kindly folk, serene, content, pursued
the pleasant ways of peace,
They promised, all the mighty ones : " In
that calm land shall not be heard
The thunder of our angry guns "—Kaiser
and King, they pledged their word.

And then, unwarning, arrogant, the cut-
throat liar of Berlin
Tore into shreds his covenant : his armed
hosts were swarming in

LEST WE FORGET

From Prussian beer-halls, Rhinish hills,
from Aurich east to Gumbinnen,
From Rostock down to stolen Silz, sounded
the tramp of Krupp-made men.

This was your guardian brother's gift, the
choice he gave his little ward :

Betrayal of France (the course of thrift) or
(Honour's course) the crimsoned sword.

And you, the Nations' David, chose, while
all the world stood trembling by ;

You called your sons, and they arose :

“ Come forth to die ! Come forth to die ! ”

Your weaver stopped his whirring loom ;
as Cæsar met him, even so now

Your farmer hurried to his doom, and in its
furrow left the plough ;

And Flanders, Hainault, Brabant came,
Antwerp and Limburg—all the land :

The nameless and the proud of name,
shoulder to shoulder, hand in hand.

Not for adventure, nor in pride : with naught
to gain and all to lose—

Their homes, their wives, their lives beside—
true sons of you, they, too, could choose.

They came, with eyes that looked on death ;
not driven slaves, but conscious men :

The Brugan burgher scant of breath, the
lean-limbed hunter of Ardennes.

LEST WE FORGET

Their part it was to hold the gate, the
narrow gate, against a foe
Outnumbering scores to one—to wait till
Death alone should bid them go.
And how they held it ! Man and child ;
about Liège where Leman fed
Blood-hungry Prussians' blood and piled
the meadows with heroic dead ;
While village after village fell, cottage and
church engulfed in smoke ;
While all the land became a Hell and
served to turn a Teuton joke ;
While Belgian women prayed in vain for
German mercy, trusting, fond ;
While German " Culture " burned Lou-
vain, and German tenderness Termonde :
You did it, Little Belgium—you ! You
stopped the dyke with half your sons ;
You did what no one else could do against
the Vandals and the Huns !
The eternal future in your debt from now
until Man's latest day,
How can the wondering world forget—
and how, remembering, repay ?
France, Britain, Russia : they have fought
as fits the vast initiate ;
You, all unready, but unbought, till they
were marshalled, held the gate.

LEST WE FORGET

Above all clamour and applause, you stand,
whatever else befall,
God's David in Mankind's high cause :
Belgium, the bravest of them all !

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

Daily Express.



AT THE POST OF HONOUR.

LIBERTY (TO BELGIUM). "TAKE COMFORT, YOUR COURAGE
IS VINDICATED; YOUR WRONGS SHALL BE AVENGED."

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LEST WE FORGET

HONOUR'S UTMOST TASK.

CLEAN - STRIPPED for action—
neither overbold,
Nor fearing overmuch what chance
may bring—

We join the lists. Let none hereafter hold
We grasped this sword for gain's sake,
caste, nor king
Power-crazed to his own people's ruin-
ing !

We weighed, but stayed not counting it, our
loss
In blood and tears and darkling years
to be ;
Appraised the instant's faith against the
dross
Of gold fear-clenched in base immunity—
The coward shelter of geography ;—

And drew for little peoples, for our word
Once given, which we hold inviolate
As these our combes, our downs, our cliffs
that heard
The vain Dons thunder at our sea-barred
gate
And frowned one true Napoleon to his
fate.

LEST WE FORGET

Battlers for world-peace, slaves of Honour's
lamp,
Tending a Vestal flame which never dies,
We brook no bribe from any traitor camp
That trades, mailed fist on hilt to back its
lies,
With broken pledges and with blas-
phemies !

Wherefore, in dour purged sober earnest-
ness,
Unfactioned, linked, ungrudging each to
each,
One People welded for our Empire's stress,
We Warden Nations hie us to the breach ;
Nor waste swift hours, that shout for
deeds, in speech.

Our blades shall not be sheathed, our
banners furled,
Till Honour's utmost task be trebly
done ;
Till, bright across the devastated world,
New-risen and blood-cleansed, Freedom's
sun
Dawns for God's vengeance on the shat-
tered Hun !

FRANK DANBY.

Nash's Magazine.

LEST WE FORGET

CALLED UP !

GIVE them a cheer as they march
along !

A life is a life, so don't mistake
There's death to meet or a name
to make.

Give them a cheer !

Give them a song as they take the way !
There's not a bird or a passing breeze
But mingles notes in the roadside trees,
Lilt of hope is a true heartease.

Give them a song !

Give them a prayer as you watch them go.
(May be lips have forgotten to pray.)
For right upheld to the end of the way,
For goal of peace at the set of the day,
Give them a prayer !

LILLIAN GARD.

The Queen.

LEST WE FORGET

A SINGSONG OF ENGLAND.

O ENGLAND is an island,
The fairest ever seen ;
They say men come to England
To learn that grass is green.
And Englishmen are now at war,
All for this they say,
That they are free, and other men
Must be as free as they.

The Englishmen are shepherds,
They plow, they sow and reap ;
Their King may wear his leopards,
His men must run their sheep.
But now the crook and reaping-hook,
The coulter and the sieve
Are thrown aside ; they take the gun
That other men may live.

Some Englishmen are fishermen,
And other some are miners,
And others man the shipping yards
And build the ocean liners ;
But one and all will down tools
And up with gun and sword
To make a stand for Freedom
Against the War Lord.

LEST WE FORGET

The pretty girls of England
Are husbanding their charms,
For not a girl of them but has
A sweetheart under arms.
But not a girl of all the flock
Would call across the waves
Her sweetheart to her kindness
While other men are slaves.

There's been an English kingdom
For twice a thousand years ;
Her men have plough'd and reap'd it
Thro' merriment and tears.
But never a twenty year has passed
Without some stroke's been given
For Freedom ; and the land is free
As any under heaven.

The Roman and the Spaniard,
The Corsican, have tried
Their worst, and now the German
Must perish in his pride.
He may burn and thief and slaughter,
He may scold and storm and pray ;
But we shall fight till even his
Stand up free men some day.

When he is free of Germany
And Germany of him
There'll be a chance for plain men
To get old Europe trim.

LEST WE FORGET

Then on, you sturdy English hands,
And keep the colours flying,
And we'll not grudge your blessed blood
If Tyranny's a-dying.

MAURICE HEWLETT.

Daily Chronicle.

LEST WE FORGET

THE WIFE OF FLANDERS.

LOW and brown barns, thatched, and
repatched and tattered,
Where I had seven sons until
to-day—

A little hill of clay your spur has scat-
tered . . .

This is not Paris. You have lost your
way.

You, staring at your sword to find it
brittle,

Surprised at the surprise that was your
plan,

Who shaking and breaking barriers not a
little,

Find never more the death-door of Sedan.

Must I for more than carnage call you
claimant,

Paying you a penny for each son you
slay ?

Man, the whole globe in gold were no
repayment

For what you have lost. And how shall
I repay ?

LEST WE FORGET

What is the price of that red spark that
caught me

From a kind farm that never had a name ?

What is the price of that dead man they
brought me ?

For other dead men do not look the same.

How should I pay for one poor graven
steeple

Whereon you shattered what you shall
not know ?

How should I pay you, miserable people,

How should I pay you everything you owe ?

Unhappy, can I give you back your honour ?

Though I forgave, would any man forget ?

While all the great green land has trampled
on her

The treason and terror of the night we met.

Not any more in vengeance or in pardon,

One old wife bargains for a bean that's
hers.

You have no word to break : no heart to
harden.

Ride on and prosper. You have lost
your spurs.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

New Witness.

LEST WE FORGET

A SONG OF PEACE AND HONOUR.

WE, men of England, children of
her might,
With all our mother's record-
roll of glory,
Great with her greatness, noble with
her name,
Drank with our mother's milk our mother's
story,
And in our veins the splendour of her
fame
Made strong our blood and bright ;
And to her absent sons her name has been
Familiar music heard in distant lands,
Heart of our heart, and sinews of our
hands,
England, our Mother, our Mistress and our
Queen !

Out of the thunderous echoes of the past,
Through the gold dust of centuries, we
hear
Her voice: "O children of a royal line,
Sons of my heart who hold your England
dear,
Mine was the past, make ye the future
mine
All glorious to the last !"

LEST WE FORGET

And, as we hear her, cowards grow to men,
And men to heroes, and the voice of fear
Is as a whisper in a deaf man's ear
And the dead past is quick in us again.

Her robe is woven of glory and of renown,
Hers are the golden laden argosies
And lordship of the wild and watery
ways,
Her flag is blown across the utmost seas ;
Dead nations built her throne and
kingdoms blaze
For jewels in her crown.
Her empire like a girdle doth enfold
The world ; her feet on ancient foes are
set ;
She wears the steel-wrought blood-bright
amulet
Wrought by her children in the days of
old.

Yet in a treasury of such gems as these,
Which power and sovereignty and king-
ship fill
To the vast limit of the circling sun,
England, our Mother, in her heart holds
still
As her most precious jewel, save only
one,

LEST WE FORGET

The priceless pearl of peace—

Peace, plucked from out of the very heart
of war

Through the long agony of strenuous
years,

Made pure by blood and sanctified by
tears,

A pearl to lie where England's treasures are.

O peaceful English lanes, all white with
may,

O English meadows where the grass
grows tall,

O red-roofed village, field and farm
and fold

Where the long shadows of the elm-trees
fall

On the wide pastures which the sun
calls gold,

And twilight dew calls grey ;

These are the home, the happy cradle place

Of every man who has our English tongue,

Sprung from those loins from which our
sires have sprung,

Heirs of the glory of our mighty race.

Brothers, we hold the pearl of priceless
worth,

How dare we then to cast our pearl
aside ?

LEST WE FORGET

Is it not more to us than all things
are ?

Nay, peace is precious as the world is wide,
But England's honour is more precious
far

Than all the heavens and earth.

Were honour outcast from her supreme place
Our pearl of peace no more a pearl
would shine,

But, trampled under foot of dogs and
swine,

Rot in the mire of a deserved disgrace.

So, for our Mother's honour, since it must,
Let peace be lost, but lost the worthier
way,

Not trampled down, but given, for her
sake,

Who forged of many an iron yesterday
The golden song that gold-tongued
Fame shall wake

When we are dust, in dust ;

For life and love and death and praise and
blame,

And all the world, even to our very land,
Weighed in the balance are as a grain of
sand

Against the honour of the English name !

E. NESBIT.

New Witness.

LEST WE FORGET

THE CALL.

I.

THERE was hush of the human voice,
halt of the human tread,
When an emperor's word proclaimed that the God of Love
was dead ;
Dead in the homes of millions, dead in the
temple shrine,
Dead in the soul of nations, dead in yours
and mine.
God ! you strike too hard to make us fight
the foe
We've fought and conquered in the ages
long ago.

II.

Broken human hopes, shattered human
thought,
As dreamland, hopeland, vanish into naught,
Tearing out the heart, hacking through the
soul,
Making hell of human might marching to
its goal.
God ! we want new words to tell of present
wrongs.
We want new music to the sadness of our
songs.

LEST WE FORGET

III.

There is nothing from the church, nothing
from the priest,
Gloom along the west, darkness in the east.
The wisdom of the schools, the glories of
the great,
Blotted out by blood, drenched in human
hate.
God ! they're our defenders standing by the
gun,
Dying man by man there to keep what they
have won.

IV.

Torn away from loved homes to hurl the
savage back,
To learn the lust of fight, the joy of the
attack ;
But when they throw away the sword and
bring the banner home,
'Twill be enscrolled with victories won for
ages yet to come.
God ! for kings and emperors there is no
longer room,
The freedom they have scorned is the
measure of their doom.

LEST WE FORGET

England, stand you steadfast, come along
from Wales,
Scotland, send your warriors, Ireland
never fails,
Britons all beyond the seas, answer to the
call
To fight for freedom, to conquer for us all.

LAURENCE GOMME.

Daily Chronicle.

LEST WE FORGET

FRANCE.

BECAUSE for once the sword broke
in her hand,
The words she spoke seemed
perished for a space ;
All wrong was brazen, and in every land
The tyrants walked abroad with naked
face.

The waters turned to blood, as rose the Star
Of evil fate denying all release.
The rulers smote the feeble crying " War ! "
The usurers robbed the naked crying
" Peace ! "

And her own feet were caught in nets of
gold,
And her own soul profaned by sects that
squirm,
And little men climbed her high seats and
sold
Her honour to the vulture and the worm.

And she seemed broken and they thought
her dead,
The Over-Men, so brave against the weak.

LEST WE FORGET

Has your last word of sophistry been said,
O cult of slaves? Then it is hers to
speak.

Clear the slow mists from her half-darkened
eyes,

As slow mists parted over Valmy fell,
And once again her hands in high surprise
Take hold upon the battlements of Hell.

CECIL CHESTERTON.

New Witness.

LEST WE FORGET

DIES IRAE.

To the German Kaiser.

AMAZING Monarch ! who at various
times,
Posing as Europe's self-appointed
saviour,
Afforded copy for our ribald rhymes
By your behaviour ;

We nursed no malice ; nay, we thanked
you much
Because your head-piece, swollen like a
tumour,
Lent to a dullish world the needed touch
Of saving humour.

What with your wardrobes stuffed with
warrior gear,
Your gander-step parades, your prancing
Prussians,
Your menaces that shocked the deafened
sphere
With rude concussions ;

Your fist that turned the pinkest rivals pale
Alike with sceptre, chisel, pen or palette,
And could at any moment, gloved in mail,
Smite like a mallet ;

LEST WE FORGET

Master of all the Arts, and, what was more,
Lord of the limelight blaze that let us
know it—
You seemed a gift designed on purpose for
The flippant poet.

Time passed and put to these old jests an
end ;
Into our open hearts you found admis-
sion,
Ate of our bread and pledged us like a
friend
Above suspicion.

You shared our griefs with seeming-gentle
eyes ;
You moved among us cousinly entreated,
Still hiding, under that fair outward guise,
A heart that cheated.

And now the mask is down, and forth you
stand
Known for a King whose word is no
great matter,
A traitor proved, for every honest hand
To strike and shatter.

LEST WE FORGET

This was the " Day " foretold by yours and
you

In whispers here, and there with beery
clamours—

You and your rat-hole spies and blustering
crew

Of loud Potsdamers.

And, lo ! there dawns another, swift and
stern,

When on the wheels of wrath, by Justice'
token,

Breaker of God's own Peace, you shall in
turn

Yourself be broken.

OWEN SEAMAN.

Punch.

LEST WE FORGET

THE AVENGERS

To our Soldiers in the Field.

NOT only that your cause is just and
right—
This much was never doubted ;
war or play,
We go with clean hands into any fight ;
That is our English way ;—

Not this high thought alone shall brace
your thews
To trample under heel those Vandal
hordes
Who laugh when blood of mother and babe
imbrues
Their damnèd craven swords.

But here must be hot passion, white of
flame,
Pure hate of this unutterable wrong,
Sheer wrath for Christendom so sunk in
shame,
To make you trebly strong.

LEST WE FORGET

These smoking hearths of fair and peaceful
lands,
This reeking trail of deeds abhorred of
Hell,
They cry aloud for vengeance at your
hands,
Ruthless and swift and fell.

Strike, then—and spare not—for the in-
nocent dead
Who lie there, stark beneath the weeping
skies,
As though you saw your dearest in their
stead
Butchered before your eyes.

And though the guiltless pay for others'
guilt
Who preached these brute ideals in camp
and Court ;
Though lives of brave and gentle foes be
spilt,
That loathe this coward sport ;

On each, without distinction, worst or best
Fouled by a nation's crime, one doom
must fall ;
Be you its instrument, and leave the rest
To God, the Judge of all.

LEST WE FORGET

Let it be said of you, when sounds at length
Over the final field the victor's strain :—
“ They struck at infamy with all their
strength,
And earth is clean again ! ”

OWEN SEAMAN.

Punch.

LEST WE FORGET

DIRAE FACIES.

THE Flemish Carillon towers are
cracked and scorched
As Hell's red fury round them
flames and hails ;
Into Ancona the drowned fisher lads
From the Adriatic wrapped in sheets and
sails
They bring from their mined boats ; the
carnage grows
Till the earth shudders and all Europe
wails.
Everywhere is the rustle of Death's wings.
To the mad despot as he cowers and
quails
Appear the direful faces that portend
The imminent doom of Kaisers and of
Kings ;
And the Hohenzollern's fated shameful end
As the divine and popular will prevails ;
And loaded with the curses of mankind
They sink into the Bloody sea, and all
help fails.

R. L. GALES.

Daily News.



THE TRIUMPH OF "CULTURE."

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LEST WE FORGET

TO WILHELM II.

YOU sowed the seas with death and
filled the world with weeping,
You whose pride was gluttoned with
an unmeasured pain,
You who fired on drowning lads, threw
bombs on children sleeping,
You who wrecked the Rose of Rheims,
you who sacked Louvain ;
Caitiff, you shall see ere your vile day is
ended,
Springing from the blood of those un-
numbered slain
Europe's one Republic rise serene and
splendid,
Happy lands and holy seas from Russia
unto Spain

R. L. GALES.

Daily News.

LEST WE FORGET

FOUR THINGS I ASK.

FOUR things, Almighty God, I ask
For England in her awful task.

The passionate heart of one who
fights,
Compassionate even when she smites.

Set lips, and close, from which shall fall
Speech, grave and pure, if speech at all.

Hands bloody—since it must be !—seen,
By Thee, indubitably clean.

Eyes, which though dimmed with blood,
or tear,
Or the dark shadow itself, see clear.

Four things I ask : four things and one—
The mind that was in Christ Thy Son.

So well equipped shall England stand,
Arisen again at Heaven's command.

So view her from Thy seat above,
God ! full of noble wrath—and love.

G. H. LEONARD.

British Weekly.

LEST WE FORGET

THE PEOPLE'S GIFT.

IN days of old a tale was told of a people
noted for thrift,
Who on an occasion of jubilation would
give their King a gift :
Said they, " For his share let each prepare
to contribute a flask of wine
Which he will pour in a common store—
a barrel of vast design."

Great staves they cut for a mighty butt, and
fashioned it high and wide,
And laid it along on gantrees strong, and set
a ladder beside :
Then, one by one, they came to the tun ;
each, poised on the topmost rung
By the flank of the cask, uncorked his flask,
and turned it over the bung.

When the day approached for the cask to be
broached, the people, small and great,
Made a roaring crowd, gay, loyal and proud,
as the King drove by in state ;

LEST WE FORGET

They cheered and clapped as the Chamberlain tapped. . . but guilt fell on all, and fear ;

When the King would have quaffed his earliest draught—'twas *water* thin and clear !

Each man of thrift had planned his gift, and said to his niggard's heart,

" Is there any to know what I bestow, if my neighbours play their part ?

Is there any to guess my—thriftiness, when I bear my flask to the tun ?

If ninety and nine be full of wine, what matters water in one ? "

*Take the lesson, then, young Englishmen,
when the war cloud lowers black*

*Let no man shift his burden of gift on to
the next man's back,*

*Answer to-day what part you will play, when
your country gives the sign—*

*What gift you will bring to your country
and King—is your blood water or wine ?*

FRANK SIDGWICK.

Saturday Review.

LEST WE FORGET

INDIA TO ENGLAND.

O ENGLAND ! in thine hour of need,
When Faith's reward and valour's
meed

Is death or glory,
When Faith indites, with biting brand,
Clasped in each warrior's stiffening hand,
A nation's story ;

Though weak our hands, which fain would
clasp

The warrior's sword with warrior's grasp
On victory's field ;

Yet turn, O mighty Mother ! turn
Unto the million hearts that burn
To be thy shield.

Thine equal justice, mercy, grace
Have made a distant alien race
A part of thee.

'Twas thine to bid their souls rejoice
When first they heard the living voice
Of Liberty.

LEST WE FORGET

Unmindful of their ancient name,
And lost to honour—glory—fame,
 And sunk in strife,
Thou found them, whom thy touch hath
 made
Men, and to whom thy breath conveyed
 A nobler life.

They, whom thy love hath guarded long ;
They, whom thy care hath rendered strong
 In love and faith,
Their heartstrings round thy heart entwined,
They are, they ever will be, thine
 In life—in death.

NIZAMAT JUNG

*(Native Judge of the High Court
of Hyderabad).*

Daily Telegraph.

LEST WE FORGET

VERSE.

TO OUR INDIAN TROOPS GOING TO
THE WAR.

FORWARD ! Forward, gallant band !
Forward, over sea and land.
Where, upon a foreign strand,
Beckons Death or Victory !

Love and Faith and Duty call :
England's honour summons all,
By her side to stand or fall
Makers of her history !

Let the Western foemen trace
In your heart and in your face
Manhood of the Aryan race
And its pristine chivalry !

Let your dauntless deeds attest,
Nobly, proudly to the West
That within the Eastern breast
Throbs a heart as proud and free.

By you, at Britannia's side
Be the banded world defied !
Yours the glory, yours the pride
There to conquer or to die.

LEST WE FORGET

Honour lives from age to age
Bright on Time's recorded page.
Be your sons' the heritage
Of your dauntless memory !

Forward ! forward, gallant band,
Forward, over sea and land,
Where, upon a foreign strand,
Beckons Death or Victory !

NIZAMAT JUNG.

LEST WE FORGET

WAR AND PEACE.

[We specially commend to the British Nation, no less renowned for the victories of peace than for those of war, the following poem by Nawab Nizam Jung, of Hyderabad, whose loyal tribute of verse to Great Britain will, we feel sure, be no less welcome to her than other offerings from India's dutiful sons.—EDITOR.]

A HUNDRED toilsome years have
rolled in vain
Since one proud eagle drooped his
shattered wings :

Another rises—and the welkin rings
With the mad cry "For Glory" once
again !

And legions rush through carnage to
attain
Some fancied good that blood-stained Con-
quest brings.

Is this the boast of Councils and of Kings,
O God ! to triumph over millions' pain ?

Guardians of Good ! Ye Nations of the
West !
Shall mind still worship brute Force deified ?

LEST WE FORGET

'Tis Mind not Force doth Nations' worth
attest :

Force died with Rome—high Thought hath
outlived Greece !

Be thine, O England ! thine the nobler
pride

To win true Glory with the arts of Peace !

NIZAMAT JUNG.

The Comrade (Delhi).

LEST WE FORGET

LOUVAIN.

HAS History a direr deed to show
Than this? Rests any darker,
deadlier stain
On Attila's renown? Was Tam-
burlaine
To anguish'd human kind a fiercer foe
Than Germany's mad War-Lord? Blow
on blow
He overtops the iniquities of Spain,
Outdoes the branded crimes of Alva's
reign,
And drags his country's glory low, how
low !
The world looks on appalled : and not alone
We mortals—shuddering gaze the mighty
dead.
Luther, Kant, Goethe, Bach, and
Beethoven
Ask " Are these Germans ? Nay, then, we
disown
Our kinship with a breed reversive-bred,
Who war on arts and learning. We
were Men."

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Observer, August 30th, 1914.

LEST WE FORGET

THE SEARCHLIGHTS.

*Political morality differs from individual morality,
because there is no power above the State.*

—GENERAL VON BERNHARDI.

SHADOW by shadow, stripped for
fight
The lean black cruisers search the
sea.

Night-long their level shafts of light
Revolve, and find no enemy.
Only they know each leaping wave
May hide the lightning, and their grave.

And in the land they guard so well
Is there no silent watch to keep ?
An age is dying, and the bell
Rings midnight on a vaster deep.
But over all its waves, once more,
The searchlights move, from shore to shore.

And captains that we thought were dead,
And dreamers that we thought were
dumb,
And voices that we thought were fled,
Arise, and call us, and we come ;
And " search in thine own soul," they cry ;
" For there, too, lurks thine enemy."

LEST WE FORGET

Search for the foe in thine own soul,
The sloth, the intellectual pride ;
The trivial jest that veils the goal
For which our fathers lived and died ;
The lawless dreams, the cynic Art,
That rend thy nobler self apart.

Not far, not far into the night,
These level swords of light can pierce ;
Yet for her faith does England fight,
Her faith in this our universe,
Believing Truth and Justice draw
From founts of everlasting law ;

The law that rules the stars, our stay,
Our compass through the world's wide
sea,
The one sure light, the one sure way,
The one firm base of Liberty ;
The one firm road that men have trod
Through Chaos to the throne of God.

Therefore a Power above the State,
The unconquerable Power returns.
The fire, the fire that made her great
Once more upon her altar burns,
Once more, redeemed and healed and whole,
She moves to the Eternal Goal.

ALFRED NOYES.

Times.

LEST WE FORGET

A CALL TO THE FOUR NATIONS.

MEN of the English nation, men of
the English race,
Your kinsmen battle in Flanders ;
you must back them in their
place.

They have done the deeds of heroes ; try
to do better than they ;

For if ever the Devil triumph there is ever
the Devil to pay.

Shall Trafalgar, Waterloo, Agincourt, all
the immortal lot,

Mean no more than a fairy tale, to be told
and to be forgot ?

Here in our little island, we have heard the
roar of the guns ;

Let manhood answer the challenge, and
strike the stroke at the Huns.

They sap our cities with spying, would sap
our spirit with lies :

They talk of surprising England ; be it her
part to surprise.

The Bugle of Hope is blowing, the Flag
of Faith unfurled.

So follow the Call and the Colours and
save the Soul of the World.

LEST WE FORGET

Men of the Scottish nation, men of the
Scottish race,
When the cries of your pipes are uttered, the
foe goes pale in the face.
They have lilted loud on a thousand fields,
they must lilt louder still,
Till the heart of the Hun is water for the
surlly songs they shrill.
Lads of the Clans and the Tartans, lads of
the Lowland kin,
If none can teach you a losing game, you
need no teaching to win.
You have shared great pages of story ;
there's a greater story to spell ;
Highlanders, Lowlanders, bear in mind, it
is partly yours to tell :
For the more you send to the muster, the
more will have power to deal
With the killers of women and children, the
preachers of Blood and Steel.
The Bugle of Hope is blowing, the Flag
of Faith unfurled.
So follow the Call and the Colours and
save the Soul of the World.

Men of the Cymric nation, men of the
Cymric race,
With English and Irish and Scotchmen,
will Welshmen not keep pace ?

LEST WE FORGET

Roman and Saxon and Norman you fought
in the days of old ;
You gave kings and queens to England, to
have her and to hold ;
You did well for queen and country when
the rage of Spain was strong ;
Do better for king and country, in the face
of a greater wrong.
For the shade of Elizabeth Tudor entreats
you to send your men,
From hill and lake and river, from pen and
fen and glen,
So come from the northland and southland,
come from the west and the east.
To shoulder the rifle of empire, and fight
with the Yellow Beast.
The Bugle of Hope is blowing, the Flag
of Faith unfurled.
So follow the Call and the Colours and
save the Soul of the World.

Men of the Irish nation, men of the Irish
race,
England has given you freedom; repay her
with grace for grace ;
Double the deed of Fontenoy, when you
saved the day for France ;
Serve France again, and England, with an
Irish Brigade's advance.

LEST WE FORGET

On the nameless grave of Emmet you may
epitaph his worth,
Taking your place in the fighting line with
the Nations of the Earth.
Though you shed your blood like Sarsfield,
you do not share his rue,
You shed your blood for Ireland, you shed
it for England too.
Give in the cause of the Holy War the best
account you can
Of the knaves who train their cannon on the
shrines of the Son of Man.
The Bugle of Hope is blowing, the Flag
of Faith unfurled.
So follow the Cause and the Colours and
save the Soul of the World.

JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.

LEST WE FORGET

WINTER NIGHT.

ROAMS the East wind across a mid-
night sky,
And shapes of cloud, transparent,
curdled, white,
Like homing spirits take their lowly flight
Before his breath ; but glittering on high
A throb of winter stars doth chequer
heaven with light.

Here, underneath the Hunter, all is still,
And silver Sirius sparkles at his feet ;
While nearer, children of the earth, they
fleet—
Those sad, etiolate clouds along the hill—
As though our dead returned their native
land to greet.

How may one slumber, how the curtain
close
And shut them out and turn to blessed rest,
While, panging like a poison in the breast,
Their agony for ever flows and flows ?
By day, by night they fall, our bravest and
our best.

LEST WE FORGET

O little clouds, the stars ye cannot hide,
Yet shadow in your impotence a plea
Mightier than all the night's immensity
Hath power to conjure of her pomp and
pride :

The claim of men who die that man may
still go free.

Your vapours sink to earth ; down from his
height,

Flashing red gold, each ancient star departs ;
Chill Eurus droops at dawn's approaching
darts ;

For clouds and stars and winds shall pass
with night ;

The ever living dead shine on within our
hearts.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

British Review.

LEST WE FORGET

ICONOCLASTES.

LIVED in days of old a nation
Stark and sturdy, valiant-hearted,
Rich in honest, kindly manhood,
Rich in tender womanhood ;

Rich in deft and cunning craftsmen,
Singers mighty and melodious,
Thinkers of sublimest stature—
Masters of the undaunted mind ;

Rich—yea, richest—in titanic
Wondrous harmony-compellers,
Weaving descants world-enthraling,
Echoes of the voice of God.

But, alas ! and in an evil
Day for them, this glorious people
Went a-wandering after idols,
Went a-worshipping false gods.

One grim Idol in especial,
One colossal Moloch-image,
Moulded of blood-tempered iron,
They erected in their midst.

LEST WE FORGET

Dark and sinister its aspect,
Rigid, menacing, inhuman,
From its swooping helmet-eagle
To its trailing sabre-tip.

Shaggy brows o'erhung and shaded
Eyes of cynical clairvoyance
Into all the baser instincts
Of the shivering, thrall-bound soul :

Stone-blind to the far horizons
Of the aspiring human spirit :
Stone-blind to the dawning promise
Of a wiser, happier age.

Rose the bullet-head defiant
From aggressive, padded shoulders ;
On the breast a steely corslet
Bastioned a stony heart.

Planted firm on mighty jack-boots
Stood the rugged, rough-hewn image—
Seven-league jack-boots, swift to trample
Homes, and hearts, and plighted faith.

Once this god—so ran the legend—
Led his chosen folk to triumph—
Triumph dear-bought, triumph tragic,
Yet resplendent in its day.

LEST WE FORGET

Whereupon the people, dazzled
By his blood-red blaze of glory,
Saw in him a Teuton Saviour,
Crucifying, not crucified :

Made of him an ogre-fetish
A cast-iron Mumbo-Jumbo,
Worshipped in a tortuous ritual
Known as *Real-Politik*.

Hierarchies of priests before him
Moved through ponderous *Kriegs-*
Manöver.

Headed by the Archimandrite
Of the far-famed Mailed Fist.

O'er the land his spirit brooded :
Renommieren, Schwadronieren
Were accounted saving graces,
And heel-clicking *Schneidigkeit*.

Year by year, in huge battalions,
Were the young men of the nation
At his altar consecrated
To a soulless slavery.

While on the o'erburdened ocean
Steel-clad monsters hurtled, thundering,
Through unhallowed demon-dances,
To propitiate his ghost.

LEST WE FORGET

Nor on his own people only
Weighed his worship like a nightmare—
All the nations needs must pay him
Tribute of their youth and strength.

Every nation at his altar
Needs must bow in sullen thralldom,
Pouring tithes of all their treasure
Into his insatiate maw.

Vainly did they murmur, craving
Some remission of their tribute ;
Still the Archimandrite answered,
“ *Real-Politik* forbids ! ”

Till, at last, in fierce rebellion
Rose his victims, over-driven,
Rose against the Archimandrite
And his *schneidig* hierarchy,

Saying, “ Let us smash the Idol,
Pulverise the Moloch-image,
Exorcise the accursed vampire—
From its menace free the world :

“ Free ourselves, and free the noble,
Richly-dowered, *gemütlich* nation,
Doomed by some malign enchantment
To this dire idolatry :

LEST WE FORGET

“ Free the workers, thinkers, singers,
To their saner selves restore them,
Save their souls, reclaim their genius
For the service of mankind.”

* * * * *

Can we crush the Idol ? Never
Doubt it ! for a mightier godhead,
Ancient, awful, fights on our side,
And its name is NEMESIS.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

LEST WE FORGET

TO GREAT BRITAIN.

BRITAIN ! you with a heart of flame
One as in days gone by,
You who honour your Nelson's
name,

How could you hear the word of shame
Nor rise and give it the lie !

Better endure war's worst of ills,
The woe of a hundred fights,
Than cower behind your banks and tills
And smug with your money, your mines,
your mills,
Forswear a neighbour's rights.

For how could you hope for a wide world's
trust
If, traitor by land and sea,
You had let French lilies lie in the dust
Nor challenged for peace the War-Lord's lust
And struck for a Europe free.

Fight and in hope, for battle is banned,
The world shall yet rejoice,
For the peoples rise in wrath to demand
Henceforth no war shall trouble the land
Except at a people's voice.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

English Review.

LEST WE FORGET

REASON AND HONOUR.

WAS not the bounty of the grape
and corn,
Burned into ripeness by a summer sped,
Harvest enough without all they have
borne
In their own aching flesh and from their
bosoms fed ?

Shall they, the mothers of the time to be,
Create for nothing but a league-long
grave,
That swallows up their immortality
And hideous yawns across a kingdom
while they rave ?

'Tis they who forge the bolt, when nations
chafe
And howl their battle cries of right and
wrong ;
'Tis they who lead the mighty armies safe
To manhood's threshold, brave and
beautiful and strong.

LEST WE FORGET

For death's the only answer that we make
When hungry kingdoms rise and fall on
strife ;

Still one insensate spirit's greed can break
The wide world's peace, and drain her
holy founts of life.

And still the grandest death that man may
die

Is held the death of war, at some great
need

Beyond all human reason's power to try,
Since honour often spurns her sister,
reason's rede.

For reason's dumb while honour's thirsty
blade

Still flashes to the universe how man
Remains so blind, so faltering, so afraid
That carnage yet controls his highest
hope and plan.

But reason, guarding well her golden light,
Denies he shall for ever sate his dearth
Like wolf or tiger ; wills such futile might
Anon be banned and thrust from off the
good round earth.

LEST WE FORGET

She dawns upon the darkness of our eyes ;
Reveals that war can only hurl us back
On hostile values ; whispers to the wise
How virtue in the fed is vice to them that
lack.

Virtue and vice are names, not qualities,
And when the baffled cry that might is
right,
No smug opinion from the unconscious
skies
For doubtful virtue's sake shall hold them
to their plight.

All nations live by ideals ; but in need
They linger with no ethic obsolete ;
They bend the knee to no unfriendly creed ;
But tramp their values firm beneath an
army's feet.

Remains to man this everlasting truth :
That for his sure defence and steadfast
guide,
Reason and honour, by the way of ruth,
Shall yet march, hand in hand, and
onward, side by side.

LEST WE FORGET

Again the world is meeting might with
 might,
And when the battle's fought and lost
 and won,
Pray victory decree, as primal right,
 That reason also wins a kingdom in the
 sun.

Then shall she swiftly, for our world-wide
 shame,
Bend to the Mother from her starry place,
And, in humanity's almighty name,
For ever dry the tears upon that sacred
 face.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

English Review.

LEST WE FORGET

THE NEW SPIRIT.

WHEN England of the quiet heart
Flung back the covenant of
shame,
A dignity of high resolve
Upon her councils came.

Freedom's old standard, long laid by
Shook out its tattered folds once more ;
And rank on rank with steady eyes
Her sons went out to war.

Unbroken in these ancient fields
A Sabbath calm dwells in the air,
And men along the shady road
Go quietly to prayer.

Vial of wrath has burst the seal
Thrones fall and dominations cease ;
The silent face of England wears
The dignity of peace.

EDWARD MELBOURNE.

Saturday Review.

LEST WE FORGET

TO OUR DEAD.

SLEEP well, heroic souls, in silence
sleep,
Lapped in the circling arms of
kindly death !

No ill can vex your slumbers, no foul
breath

Of slander, hate, derision mar the deep
Repose that holds you close. Your kinsmen
reap

The harvest you have sown, while each man
saith

" So would I choose, when danger
threateneth,

Let my death be as theirs," we dare not
weep.

For you have scaled the starry heights of
fame,

Nor ever shrunk from peril and distress
In fight undaunted for the conqueror's
prize ;

Therefore your death, engirt with loveli-
ness

Of simple service done for England's name,
Shall shine like beacon-stars of sacrifice.

W. L. COURTNEY.

Fortnightly Review.

LEST WE FORGET

MEDIATION IN WAR-TIME

(After St. Anselm.)

IF Thou, Lord God, wilt to judge
This Thy most piteous clay,
Which to save, Christ did not grudge
His red dying I should say :
“ Now I interpose His death
’Twixt these children and Thy wrath.”

Then if Thou should’st say, “ Their shame
Is as scarlet in Mine eyes,”
I should ask, “ Who bare the blame ?
Look on Thy Son’s sacrifice !
His dear Blood is far more bright
That shall wash the scarlet white.”

Still if Thou Thy frown must keep
And Thine eyes Thou dost avert
(Ah ! dear Shepherd of the Sheep)
I will say, “ Who took the hurt ?
I present Christ’s death and pain
’Twixt Thine anger and these slain.”

LEST WE FORGET

Dear, they die in millions
For a quarrel not their own ;
Look to this poor flock, Thy Son's,
Harried all and overthrown.
See, I lay Christ's Cross between
Dear, Thy justice and their sin.

KATHERINE TYNAN.

New Witness.

LEST WE FORGET

TO THE MEMORY
of
FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS
of Kandahar and Pretoria.

[Born, 1832. Died on service at the Front, November
14th, 1914.]

HE died, as soldiers die, amid the
strife,
Mindful of England in his latest
prayer ;
God, of His love, would have so fair a life
Crowned with a death as fair.

He might not lead the battle as of old,
But, as of old, among his own he went,
Breathing a faith that never once grew cold,
A courage still unspent.

So was his end ; and, in that hour, across
The face of War a wind of silence blew,
And bitterest foes paid tribute to the loss
Of a great heart and true.



A PATTERN OF CHIVALRY.

THIS WAS THE HAPPY WARRIOR. THIS WAS HE
THAT EVERY MAN IN ARMS SHOULD WISH TO BE.

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LEST WE FORGET

But we who loved him, what have we to lay
For sign of worship on his warrior-bier ?
What homage, could his lips but speak
to-day,
Would he have held most dear ?

Not grief, as for a life untimely reft ;
Not vain regret for counsel given in vain ;
Not pride of that high record he has left,
Peerless and pure of stain ;

But service of our lives to keep her free,
The land he served ; a pledge above his
grave
To give her even such a gift as he,
The soul of loyalty, gave.

That oath we plight, as now the trumpets
swell
His requiem, and the men-at-arms stand
mute,
And through the mist the guns he loved so
well
Thunder a last salute !

OWEN SEAMAN.

Punch.

LEST WE FORGET

THE WAR-SHADOW.

I.

LAST year I called this world of
gaingivings
The darkest thinkable, and ques-
tioned sadly
If my own land could heave its pulse less
gladly,
So charged it seemed with circumstance
that brings
The tragedy of things.

II.

Yet at that censured time no heart was rent
Or feature blanched of parent, wife, or
daughter
By hourly blazoned sheets of listed
slaughter ;
Death waited Nature's wont ; Peace smiled
unshent
From Ind to Occident.

THOMAS HARDY.

War Poems.

LEST WE FORGET

MATER DOLOROSA.

WHAT have I given thee,
England, beloved of me ?
I have no gold for thy deso-
late,
I have no spear to guard thy gate,
My hands are weak on the harp of fate
In the hour of threnody.

Yet I have given, I ;
And, England, my gifts lie
Far from thee and thy sacred strand.
I have given the hand that held my hand,
The feet that once on my palm could stand,
The hopes I was nourished by.

All that I had, I give,
The life that I bade live,
The heart that my heart made to beat,
The lips erstwhile on my lips so sweet—
These have I given ; is it not meet
To have striven that thou mayst strive ?

LEST WE FORGET

The clay of France doth shrine
This only gift of mine ;
England, be it not made in vain,
Be but thy glory great as our pain.
We are glad to have given—would give
again
The light of our days for thine !

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

British Review.

LEST WE FORGET

ABI, VIATOR——.

IF thou hast seen the standard dim
Droop in its mesh of dust and
grime

Above the carven hands of him
Who bore it in some ancient time ;
If thou hast seen the silent sword
Rust redly in its tattered sheath,
Hast caught the echo of the word
That flung an English glove at death,
And yet thy pulses march unstirred,
And still thy breath comes calm and slow,
Pass on—no Englishman art thou !

If thou canst hear and see to-day
The distant clamour and the fume
Of crimson fate, and yet canst say
“ The gain is mine, be theirs the doom.”

If thou thy unthrilled hands canst fold,
If thou canst check thy seaward tread,
Canst shun the dust and guard the gold,
Thou hast no kinship with thy dead ;
Ah ! if thy craven heart is cold,
Pause not the perilous page to scan—
Pass on—thou art no Englishman !

LEST WE FORGET

But if the distant unison
Of swooping sword and flying dart,
Of straining sail and muttering gun,
Touches thy spirit and thy heart ;
If England's day and England's call
Find thee a son of England, then
Thou canst not falter—thou, nor all
Her noble heritage of men ;
Pass on—she stands, although we fall,
Pass on unshaken though stars shake—
Thyself canst tell what road to take !

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

British Review.

LEST WE FORGET

A RE ALBERTO.

Saluto Italico.



ALBERTO, biondo e leggendario re,
Che ne lusinga menzognera am-
malia

Nè ferreo pugno piega—noi vor-
remmo

Mietere tutti i fiori dell'Italia
E darli a te !

Anche l'Italia contro l'oppressore
Magnifica e furente combattè ;
Tra le antiche ferite nel suo cuore
Una nuova ferita di dolore
Aperta or s'è :

Questa—che pur fremente di stupenda
Ferocia e di magnanimo fervore
Il popolo d'Italia, o eroico re,
Nell'ora tua più sacra e più tremenda
Non fu con te.

ANNIE VIVANTI CHARTRES.

Times.

LEST WE FORGET

A TRIBUTE FROM ITALY.

ALBERT, thou standest where the
storm-cloud lowers
Unvanquished in thy glorious defeat.
Oh ! to strip Italy of all her flowers
And bring them to thy feet !

No deeper sorrow shall Italia know,
Whose sons for freedom's sake have fought
and died,
Than this—that in thine hour of darkest woe
She was not by thy side.

A. V. C.

Times.

LEST WE FORGET

THE YSER.

SWEET and soft was thy stream,
Yser,
As it first sang the song of the
Spirit that wrought thee ;
When down to thy brim came the dry-
tongued hare,
And the little low hills their moist tribute
brought thee.
Lithe, yet lowly,
Like a maid half-holy,
As thy lover the sun in the white dawn
caught thee.

Sad and sluggish thy tide, Yser,
When man cast his mantle of sin about
thee,
And the mean alley stoops to the whar-
finger's stair,
And the sodden string of the barges flout
thee.
Sad and shamed,
Like a wild thing tamed,
As the slimy lock-gates dare thee and
doubt thee.

LEST WE FORGET

Red and royal thy flood, Yser,
When the nations flock to debate thy
fording,
And the great guns crash, and the bugles
blare,
And the blood soaks into thy banks for
hoarding.
Red, rose-red,
Is thy bosom with dead,
As the shells strike home on the frail
bridge-boarding.

It is no great span to thy stream, Yser,
But the Styx were an impotent babble
beside.
Though thy ooze be slow as a midnight
mere,
There's the ebbing of life in its ghastly tide.
Thou art consecrate
To a proud foe's fate,
Who peered in the ink of thy magic, and
died.

When the Judgment sounds on thy life,
Yser,
And thou liest prone in thy penitency,
The God who girt Eden with rivers fair,

LEST WE FORGET

And set on our walls that old watchman,
the sea—

He shall not forget,

When the thrones are set,

How thou gavest thy soul to the stand of
the free.

PHILIP BYARD CLAYTON.

British Review.

LEST WE FORGET

AT ST. PAUL'S.

November 19th, 1914.

LET all the whisperings of the mighty
dome
Be hushed to silence—silent now
he nears

The last long rest beside his warrior peers ;
He claims no marble, needs no storied tome
To keep memorial ; his immortal home
Is in the spirit, and the Empire rears
To-day no cenotaph of idle tears,
But bids the hero to her great heart come.

There shall be tabernacle till the day
When men forget the march to Kandahar,
The battle-strokes that made the brave
Boer friend,
And when these pass a vision still shall stay
Of one who great in Peace, as great in War,
Prevailed by love and served us to the end.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

Westminster Gazette.

LEST WE FORGET

THEY HELD THEIR GROUND.

GREY broke the light of that Sabbath
dawn
On the English pickets,
Gold rose the sun o'er the un-
reaped corn
And the Hainault thickets.
Through the park at home, where the
young rooks caw'd,
And the dew lay deep on the churchyard
sward,
Went Mary, arisen to meet her Lord—
While Mons must be held for England.

Clear broke the day as the bugles blew,—
Who shall hear them to-morrow?
Sternly the thunder of Edom grew,
And the tally of sorrow.
Right wing, left wing, centre attacked,
Legions launched like a cataract,
But the English stood to their plighted
pact,—
Yes, Mons must be held for England!

Pitiless noon, when the screaming shard
Left the air acrid.

LEST WE FORGET

But they looked on Malplaquet and Ouden-
arde,
So the soil was sacred.
And they thought (who knows?) on some
Surrey lane,
On some mother's kiss, or some school
refrain,
And they tightened the girths of their
saddles again,
Since Mons must be held for England.

Red set the sun in the angry skies
Ere the fight was over.
Fierce were the beams of the cruisers' eyes
By the cliffs of Dover.
News—ill news—for Namur is lost !
No need for the Eagle to count the cost.
But Mons was the merest hill at the most,
Yet Mons had been held for England.

Lord, Who hast known what a slain Son is,
Judge Thou their labour !
Lifted they eyes to the vanities ?
Deceived their neighbour ?
Sift Thou the souls that are utterly Thine,
Clean are those cold hands of covert design ;
Silent they lie in their last long line,
Who died to hold Mons for England !

PHILIP BYARD CLAYTON.

LEST WE FORGET

THE ARMY OF THE DEAD.

I DREAMED that overhead
I saw in twilight grey
The Army of the Dead
Marching upon its way,
So still and passionless,
With faces so serene,
That scarcely could one guess
Such men in War had been.

No mark of hurt they bore
Nor smoke, nor bloody stain ;
Nor suffered any more
Famine, fatigue, or pain ;
Nor any lust of hate
Now lingered in their eyes—
Who have fulfilled their fate,
Have lost all enmities.

A new, a greater pride
So quenched the pride of race
That foes marched side by side
Who once fought face to face.
That ghostly Army's plan
Knows but one race, one rod—
All Nations there are Man
And the one King is God.

LEST WE FORGET

No longer on their ears
The bugle's summons falls ;
Beyond these tangled spheres
The Archangel's trumpet calls ;
And by that trumpet led
Far up the exalted sky
The Army of the Dead
Goes by, and still goes by—
Look upward, standing mute ;
Salute !

BARRY PAIN.

Westminster Gazette.

LEST WE FORGET

THE RETURN.

I HEARD the rumbling guns. I saw
the smoke,
The unintelligible shock of hosts that
still,
Far off, unseeing, strove and strove again ;
And beauty flying naked down the hill.
From morn to eve : and the stern night
cried Peace !
And shut the strife in darkness : all was
still,
Then slowly crept a triumph on the dark—
And I heard Beauty singing up the hill.

JOHN FREEMAN.

Westminster Gazette.

LEST WE FORGET

BROTHERS IN ARMS.

WHEN behind her violated border,
With unflinching bayonet and
gun,
Belgium, in heroic battle order,
Met the savage onset of the Hun ;
When o'er league on league of peaceful
tillage,
Under screaming showers of shot and
shell,
Into open town, defenceless village,
He let loose his shameless hounds of Hell ;
When Liège, henceforth a name immortal !
Perished fighting at his cannons' mouth,
When he seized Namur, and through her
portal
Drunk with fury, still went surging south ;
When with murderous rapine still unsated,
Sworn to bend them to his bloody yoke,
On the French and British Arms belated
Wave on wave his braggart legions broke ;
When, outmarched before him, into distance,
Frank and Briton steadfastly withdrew,
Though he could not pierce our proud
resistance,
Break our firm-linked, friendly phalanx
through ;

LEST WE FORGET

Then our country roused to righteous reason,
By the battle-thunder at her gate,
Flung abroad no foolish cry of treason
At the Rulers of her arms and State—
Pardoned those whose eyes were proven
blinder,
Than was Wisdom to the approach of war—
Put her unpreparedness behind her,
Only bade us look, henceforth, before.

Therefore, every cry of party faction
Into patriot silence fell away ;
Britain summoned all her sons to action—
Suffering Britain—could we but obey ?

Then the adamantine cable stretching,
Python-like across the ocean floor,
Aid on aid from her far children fetching,
Bade her heart with hope beat high once
more ;

Till the friends and foes whose fine derision,
Long had flouted her Imperial dream,
Stood at gaze to mark the stately vision,
Rise incarnate o'er the ocean stream ;
Marvelling, while above the pine-fringed
waters

While above the palm-set Austral earth
At their Mother's call, her mighty daughters,
Sprang, as Pallas sprang, full-armed to
birth ;

LEST WE FORGET

While, O proudest Page in all the story
Of Imperial India's book of life !
One by one each Princely Feudatory
In our service arms him for the strife.

Our retreat is stayed, and Frank and Briton,
Reinforced, leap forth to the attack—
Now the smiter hip and thigh is smitten;
In defeat we roll him roughly back.

Now again in anger dour he rallies,
And again assaults us flank and front ;
While his dead and ours o'er hills and
valleys

Mix amid the dreadful battle brunt.
Up the slopes his batteries are crowning,
Foot by foot we dig our trenches in ;
Rise and charge and seize his cannon
frowning,

Though we fall in swaths one gun to win.
Trusting surely that how oft soever
Back and forth War's crimson waves may
flow,

On our faithful, chivalrous endeavour
Victory's full-orbed sun at last shall
glow.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

Contemporary Review.

LEST WE FORGET

THE BULWARKS.

[The splendid spirit of gallantry and devotion which animates the officers and men of his Majesty's forces.—SIR JOHN FRENCH.]

WHAT though, with sullen roar,
The raging billows beat,
Against the everlasting shore,
Where strength and patience
meet ?

At last the mad assault is o'er
And broken waves retreat.

So swells the Teuton wave,
Against the British strand—
And so, indomitably brave,
The British legions stand,
While disappointed despots rave
To see her living bulwarks save
The threatened Motherland.

A. W. BUSTRIDGE.

Daily Chronicle.

LEST WE FORGET

IN LACHRYMARUM VALLE.

Christmas, 1914.

THE valley of the shadows tenebrous,
The valley of tears, the valley
desolate
We tread where fiends of ravin
and of hate
Strike mortal cold to hearts most valorous ;
Mother, we cry to thee : our need is great ;
To thee we send up voices clamorous ;
Bend pitying eyes upon our woeful state,
Mother of the Saviour, Mary Immaculate,
Mary Annunciate, Mary Dolorous,
Mary in Glory, pray thy Son for us,
That He send forth the Dove from Heaven's
gate
Into our wasted lands and devastate,
That He Who is our Peace rule over us
In Peace that wars no more may desecrate.

R. L. GALES.

British Review.

LEST WE FORGET

IN A HARVEST FIELD.

HOW quietly beneath the quiet sky
These men are sleeping who shall
never wake !

But soon the plough, the harrow,
and the rake

Shall pass them as I pass unheeded by ;
For underneath the fallows they will lie

Who front to foe—good seed for Free-
dom's sake—

Have fallen, and those who here their
harvest make

Will wonder at the richness of the rye.

But He Who lets no single sparrow fall

Unnoted, unremembered, in His care

Has garnered all their great self-
sacrifice ;

And though too soon in tender earth
there lies

—Till crack of doom—each body made
so fair,

A happier world shall be memorial.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

LEST WE FORGET

A CONTRAST.

I BY the lapping of my household fire,
You in the trenches, starved and stiff
for cold,
You by fatigue in few days grey and
old,
I with my strength no needs, no calls
require :
I wrapt in all the peace of heaven entire,
You with Hell's powers of darkness fold
on fold,
You lacking all that life most dear can
hold,
And I with all my utmost heart's desire.

But God shall strike the balance : I have
had
My good in this my lifetime—all and
more,
Have selfish sucked advantage from
your strife,
While you, brave heroes, on that further
shore
Shall find all good has equalised all bad ;
Death may be mine—you win eternal
life.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

British Review.

LEST WE FORGET

NON-COMBATANT.

BEFORE one drop of angry blood was
shed
I was sore hurt and beaten to my
knee;
Before one fighting man reeled back and
died
The War-Lords struck at me.

They struck me down—an idle, useless
mouth,
As cumbrous—nay, more cumbrous—
than the dead,
With life and heart afire to give and give
I take a dole instead.

With life and heart afire to give and give
I take and eat the bread of charity.
In all the length of all this eager land,
No man has need of me.

That is my hurt—my burning, beating
wound;
That is the spear-thrust driven through
my pride!
With aimless hands, and mouth that must
be fed,
I wait and stand aside.

LEST WE FORGET

Let me endure it, then, with stiffened lip :
I, even I, have suffered in the strife !
Let me endure it then—I give my pride
Where others give a life.

CICELY HAMILTON.

Westminster Gazette

LEST WE FORGET

"ALL'S WELL."

[Reprinted from "Christmas Roses" by permission
of the author.]

WATCHMAN, watchman, what of
the night,
What of the night to tell?
The heavens are dark, and never
a light

But the far-off flicker of Hell.
But the steed is in the stall,
Unsleeping ;
And the warder on the wall,
Watch-keeping ;
And the granary is stored,
And ready gun and sword.
In the name of the Lord,
All's Well !

Watchman, watchman, what of the night,
What of the night to tell ?
The wind blows fierce, and the foam flies
white,
And the waters moan and swell.
But the foes to haven keep,
Safe hiding ;
And our ships are on the deep,
Sure riding ;

LEST WE FORGET

And the gallant hearts on board
Keep ceaseless watch and ward.
In the name of the Lord,
All's Well !

Watchman, watchman, what of the night,
What of the night to tell ?
There are widows weeping, and babes
affright,
And a ceaseless burial bell.
But the hand that holds the gun
Still shakes not ;
And the line drops one by one,
Yet breaks not.
Of the blood so nobly poured
There shall surely be reward.
In the name of the Lord,
All's Well !

F. W. BOURDILLON.

LEST WE FORGET

REVENGE FOR RHEIMS.

THOU Permanence amid all things
that pass !
Unchanging Thought amid the
drift of change ;
Thou Rally of the Soul in days of dross ;
How art Thou fallen !

Thou Prayer, that ever-rising, yet re-
mained,
That for seven hundred years didst sing
and soar,
Spirit with wings outspread tip-toe on
Earth,
How art Thou fallen !

Thou Vision frozen, and Thou Sigh trans-
fixed ;
Thou Camp of dreams, Thou Fort of faith
unstormed,
Time-worn, yet wearying t'ward Eternity,
How art Thou fallen !

Thou wast to France her Inspiration old,
Thou hadst for ivy earliest memories ;
From Thee her Knights, her Angels long
looked down ;
How art Thou fallen !

LEST WE FORGET

What vengeance for Thy ruin shall She
hurl ?

O, be that vengeance, that the ruin stand,
Only those Choirs for ever unrestored !
Ever unfallen !

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

LEST WE FORGET

TO THE PRUSSIANIZERS OF GERMANY.

LO! would-be War Lord of the Western World !
How dost thou now ?—thou, who the die didst cast !
Thou, who ten millions of mankind hast hurled
Hosts against hosts,—as foes, who, in the past
Contented dwelt to strive—e'en when outclassed—
Mid peaceful rivalry ; the while mankind
True progress made ; whereby the world amassed
Knowledge, with wisdom—matter ruled by Mind
For human weal,—and blessings unto all, freely assigned.

here indict—thee, and the Wilhelmstrass—
Sure haven for each sordid sycophant,
Whose fulsome flatteries well nigh surpass
That vanity dire fate did in thee plant,
With megalomania impious, whose cant
Proclaims : “ God is the Highest, but of all,
The Highest is the Kaiser.” Miscreant !—
Daring the Hosts of Heaven to battle call ;
Sealed is thy doom, and, e'en as Lucifer, thou, too, shalt fall.

A canc'rous kaiseritis Prussia's blood
Pervades, and hath empoisoned, since the day
Fred'rick the Great engulfed her in his flood,
And o'er the land cast his imperious sway.
One prayer there is which Germany doth pray ;
'Tis “ Deutschland uber Alles,”—where the “ All ”
This maxim's infamy doth now betray,
Since, for its sake, Honour and Justice fall,
Swamped in a welling sea of blood, whose waves the World appal.

LEST WE FORGET

O Peaceless Soul ! Did Lucifer unbound
Become re-incarnated at thy birth ?
In all this World there is no spirit found,
Like thine afflicted ; holding nothing worth,
Save, what should make thee mightiest on Earth—
Impoverished, through long years, by thy strife
For armaments ; who naught recked of the dearth
Amongst thy toiling millions, where burned rife
Sin—conjured up from Hell, midst Sorrow's sweat—to soil each life.

Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad !
E'en as with thee,—if ever thou wert wise ?—
Who flung aside good councillors for bad,
Heedless of Bismarck's words : whilst Tschirschky's eyes
Their gleam malevolent—beneath the guise
Of frank solicitude for Prussia's good—
Scarce hid ; as, Servia thirsting to chastise,
He with Count Berchtold pandered to thy mood,
Till, thou, with Austria, a bond endorsed—whose ink was blood.

By flatterers misled—with wild uproar
That Britain was divided, and mischance
Had plunged old England into Civil War,—
Thou cri'dst : " The Day is come ! and fertile France
Our plunder lies ; ere turn we to make dance
The Russian bear, with fire and shrapnel steel ;
Nor, at his ponderous weight look we askance—
Too slow his pace, where Prussia's Eagles wheel,
Who, 'neath the impact of our beak and claws, shall stagg'ring reel.' "

By pacifist diplomacy deceived,
Berchtold, too late, all fearful, did implore
In language which, his subtle mind conceived,
Would balm of Gilead prove to Russia's sore ;

LEST WE FORGET

And cried : " Austria has not banged the door "—
On Peace ! Had, hence, some wireless whisper sped
In widening circles ?—as though, from our shore,
A hurtling missile to the ocean fled,
Wave after wave sends forth, whose powers survive when they are dead.

Mad, fatal fool ! declining to unfold—
Dreading perchance thy Ministers might scoff—
The plot thou hadst fomented with Berchtold
And others kindred ; deeming Sazonoff
Would promptly at thine ultimatum doff
Honour for Shame ; and, the Imperial Czar,
With Holy Russia, grovel in its trough.
Thus—'gainst the very door of Hope ajar—
Thou, Peace didst murder, with thy mailed fist, Death's Head Hussar.
While peace lay dying, thy Chancellory,
Fearful of foes its deeds might call to view,
Proffered to England what thy history
Shall with the blackest infamy endue,
How dared ye think that England would—in lieu
Of guarding Truth and Honour with her Name,—
Betray the World's high trust because she knew,
By such apostasy, War's sword of flame
She might escape !—the only " cost " she recked—undying Shame.

Civilization looks on thee askance,
Perfidious Prussia !—such thy name shall stay—
Who strove, brave Belgium and immortal France
That England with her Honour should betray.
How thou and thine misjudged Sir Edward Grey—
Unto thy Chancellor rebuked, appeal !
Treaties to violate ! Not such the way,
Towards these " scraps of paper," Britons feel !
Though you hold : " Parchment parchment only is, but steel is steel ! "

LEST WE FORGET

As, with her golden sandal'd feet, fair Dawn
Danced in sheer joyfulness of life, and all
The glad land did rejoice,—its ripening corn
In billowing beauty tossed with rustling call
To peaceful harvest,—Suddenly, did fall
Ambition's mailed fist : and each field strewed
Where a relentless hail of steel did maul
Close serried ranks of Manhood's flower : and hewed
Red lanes of slaughter, "hacking a way through"—its "Cannon fo

Too late !—Since once the challenge thou hadst given—
War's thunder clouds to dissipate, which blew
From every quarter of outraged heaven,
As if the very Elementals knew ;
Whilst a dread shadow o'er the Sun's face drew
His light from off the Earth, o'er which did loom—
Threatening and murky with the awful hue
Of Europe's blood—dread Armageddon's doom,
Rolling in crimsoned waves such as ne'er flowed from out Time's w

We deemed, forsooth, that Eagles were our foes !
But now, you hop before us, self-confessed—
Whose naked gory necks, outstretched, disclose
Foul vultures, in mere Eagle's plumage dressed.
That, Potsdam's eyrie hatched—we little guessed—
So vile a brood of megalomaniac stock,
Whose crimes nameless atrocities attest ;
While, wheresoe'er the Prussian Vultures flock,
Their sins defile humanity, and make its God a mock.

We have beheld thy carrion neck laid bare,
Thrusting, with rav'ning beak, into the heart
Of Belgium's gallant children who did dare—
Fast holding rights thine own hand did impart—

LEST WE FORGET

Refuse to barter Honour at thy mart.
And Luxemburg ! She, too, stood out in vain,
Small, and defenceless 'gainst the Uhlan dart,
Which hath laid waste fair Alsace and Louvain
With sins obscene—whose cup of punishment deep shalt thou drain !

For deeds of infamy this doth record,
Thee, and the Wilhelmstrass, the World shall shame,—
Chastising, whilst Humanity applaud—
Whose troops, atrocities in Prussia's name
Inflicted unrestrained. Eternal blame
Shall cleave to thee and thine who did command—
The innocent, to pillage, murder, maim ;
Thinking, by Fear, to thus subdue the land !—
Heedless of retribution's germs, wide sown, from blood-stained hand.

Cursed, for ever cursed !—be the hand
That kennelled and unleashed the Potsdam Pack,
To hurl them ravaging o'er Belgium's land :
No hound of hell was ever whelped so black,
Nor spooed with nameless horrors such foul track—
As where the Prussian War-dogs gorge and gloat
O'er childhood's ravished forms—from which they hack
White limbs and trembling breasts, vainly besmote
In piteous prayers for Mercy, slowly choked down each fair throat.

Not vain the cry of those wild agonies,
Ascending from War's shambles thou hast fed ;
Whence, swifter and more deadly foes now rise,
Countless, invisible,—at whose grim head
Ride Famine gaunt, and Pestilence, and Dread.
When these, their direful purpose shall attain—
Avenging armies of the butchered dead—
No Eagle o'er thy murderer's brow shall reign,

LEST WE FORGET

Whereon accursed, is blazed in lurid glow—the brand of Cain.
Not on thy chosen Godhead doth the doom
Thy deeds of blood have destined thee depend !—
No man-imagined Deity, to whom
Thou, Kaiser, can'st thine ultimatums send !
The God thy impious challenge doth offend
Knows no appeals, He is the Causeless Cause
Of All ; for Him Time hath no birth nor end,—
By some, called “ Nature,”—Evolution's Cause ;
For thee, “ Necessity,” He shall be named—“ who knows no laws ! ”

Himself the Law of Progress,—He, your Judge,
Whom none can influence—He reigns supreme,
Vain braggarts ! boasting from your Potsdam sludge,
You would of human progress stem the stream
With waves of blood ;—the while you dare blaspheme,
Naming the God of Gods as your ally !
Lo ! You and yours shall pass, as fades a dream
Of nightmare horror 'fore the bright'ning sky ;
Cursed ever of the World, and all which once—was Germany !

DOUGLAS S. SPENS STEUART.

Poetry Review.

LEST WE FORGET

TO A FRIEND—KILLED IN ACTION.

I FAIN would weep, and yet my eyes are
dry;
My lips are dumb, for fear lest they
should speak

The hasty word, and in reproaches seek
Revolt from God's decree that you should
die.

I know you would not ask me for my tears,
But rather have me face with courage calm
The lonely hours, and find some healing
balm

To fill the emptiness of future years.
And so I pray for strength to bind my soul
With faith unconquerable and hope divine;
And from the grief and sorrow that are
mine

Draw cleansing grace to make my being
whole

Thus from your loss one friend at least shall
gain

New life, to prove you have not died in
vain.

HAROLD SIMPSON.

Poetry Review.

LEST WE FORGET

WAR.

O HELL-SPED fury War, with wings
 raised high
 Hawk-like that hoverest to
 smite !—

How many eager now, stark-dead shall lie,
 Ere thou hast flown thy fatal flight !

O sea of strife, whose armed hosts still
 come on,
 Like wind-urged waves across the main !—
What throes must flesh endure ere thou
 sink down
 In smoothly flowing Peace again !

O callous War ! Cold-blooded game of
 death,
 With men 'gainst men as foes arrayed,—
What pride of youth must yield life's pre-
 cious breath
 Ere to an end thy game be played !

O devastating, desolating War,
 What dirges follow thee ! what dearth
And blackened ruin, where thou goest, mar
 The goodly pleasantness of Earth !

GRACE E. TOLLEMACHE.

August 1st.

LEST WE FORGET

SONNET.

O YE to whom dear life is still most
dear,
Heed not the sirens' soft perfidious song
That bids you barter, for a brief term here,
Abiding honour ! As the martyr-throng
For love of Christ went stedfast to the stake
And by faith's rapturous power embraced
the flame,
So, gladly, ye, for your own Country's sake,
Must court the fiery Fates that wound
and maim !
And if on valour's path to victory's end,
Sweet life in one swift flash ye must renounce,—
Rejoice that your high lot should so
transcend
Man's common doom ! The brave can
die but once,
But in your death, thrice-gloriously ye'll
die,—
For England, for men's hearths, and
Liberty !

GRACE E. TOLLEMACHE.

September 1st.

LEST WE FORGET

SONNET.

ENGLAND ! that thou wast faint of
heart we said,
Or inly thought ; and that the wreath
of bays
Drooped on thy brow, withered with length
of days,
A dust-layered trophy of the age-long Dead:
We wronged thee much !—Myriads this
month have bled
And died for thee, and though the end
delays,
There's not one that a daunted spirit
betrays
Nor that for thee life's last drop would
not shed !
We deemed thy robes grown faded,—but
fresh-dyed
We now behold them,—and their crimson
dye
Is of thy sons' spilt blood, deep-hued and
glowing :
O England ! thou art comely in thy pride
And clad in glorious raiment, and thy going
Is as of one who goes to victory !

GRACE E. TOLLEMACHE.

October 1st.

LEST WE FORGET

ONE NIGHT.

I WALKED into a moon of gold last
night
Across grey sands she seemed to shine
so bright.

Wide, wide the sands until I met the sea,
Cradle of moons, yet searchlights followed
me.

I asked the moon if creeping round the
Zones
She had seen good, or only poor things'
bones.

"Pale faces I have seen, unconscious men
Bereft of struggling horror now and then.

"And sinking ships I see, and floating
mines,
And cries I hear, 'O God,' and choking
whines.

"But later when the stars shine on the
wave
And give more light, I know the dead die
brave.

LEST WE FORGET

“ Passing so quickly from the things that
count,
Count to all mortal thoughts, to find the
Fount,

“ Where angels pour elixir into bowls,
Drink, not for broken hearts, but thirsty
souls.”

“ And what on shore ? ” I asked, “ the
great Divide
Where rivers run, and trenches side by
side ? ”

“ There,” the moon said, “ the snow was
on the ground
And the frost pinched me as I beamed
around.

“ Red pools of gore, and ghastly shadows
lay
In deep dug corners, so I sank away.

“ Let misty cloudlets sweep across my face
To hide the earth, and give me heart of
grace.

“ Sudden the air seemed filled with eager
breath
Of great Adventurers, released from death,

LEST WE FORGET

“ And shaking blood from out their eyes
and hair
Shouting for further knowledge here and
there.

“ I lighted these across the treacherous
Path
To reach the garden of Life's aftermath.

“ And as they sped in troops the great
guns boomed,
With flashes lightning swift, and dark
hordes loomed,

“ And phantom shapes of patient warrior
bands—
Then more snow fell and shrouded all the
lands.”

* * * * *

Now pondering from the moon I turned
again,
Over the sands, back to our House of Pain.

MILLICENT SUTHERLAND.

*British Hospital,
Malo, Dunkirk, France.*

English Review.

LEST WE FORGET

NIGHT OUTPOSTS.

(British Expeditionary Force.)

ZIP! ——— Zing! ———
A bullet sped!
The grim Hun chuckled;
A poor heart bled.

Then the lilt of a boyish voice
Rang out through the murky night:
“ Say, Dad—I’m hurt—and, why, here’s
Joyce:
Play—up—old school—Good-night! ”

And wan and dreary crept up the day
On a lonely outpost place;
For the light of life had stolen away
From a dear brown smiling face.

Then pray to your gods for the life, grit
and power,
To tear with your hands, sword and gun—
O! English sons, avenge that hour!—
And CHOKe that chuckling Hun.

A. E. WHITING-BAKER.

LEST WE FORGET

GOD SAVE THE KING.

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GOD save our gracious King,
Nations and State and King,
God save the King !
Grant him good Peace Divine,
But if his Wars be Thine,
Flash on his Fighting Line
Victory's Wing !

Thou in his suppliant hands
Hast placed such mighty Lands :
Save Thou our King !
As once from golden skies
Rebels with flaming eyes
So the King's enemies
Doom Thou and fling.

Mountains that break the night
Holds he by Eagle Right,
Stretching far wing :
Dawn lands for youth to reap,
Dim lands where Empires sleep
His ! And the Lion-Deep
Roars for the King.

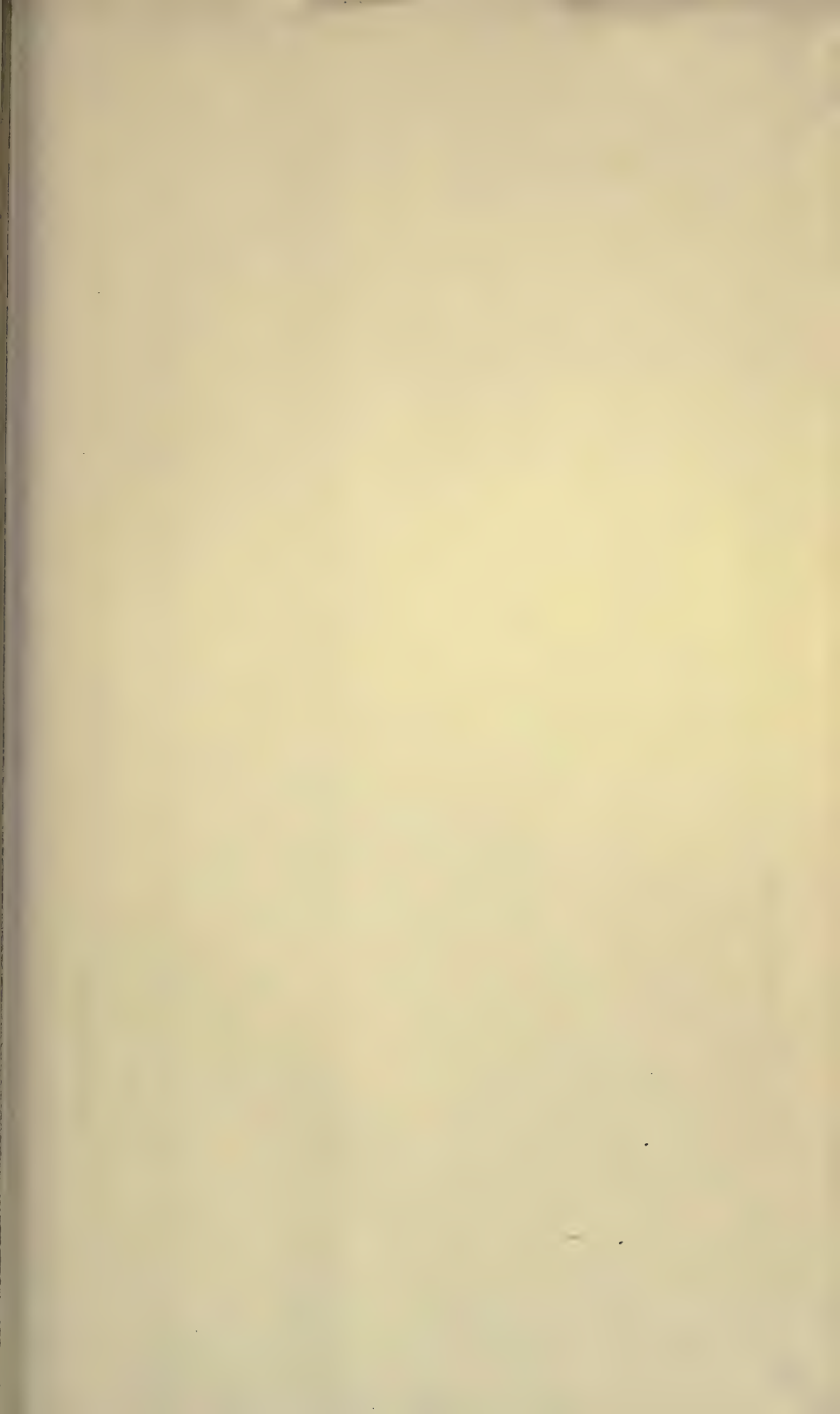
LEST WE FORGET

But most these few dear miles
Of star-flower-meadowed isles,
 England, all Spring.
Scotland that by the marge
Where the blank north doth charge
Hears Thy voice loud and large
 Guard, and their King !

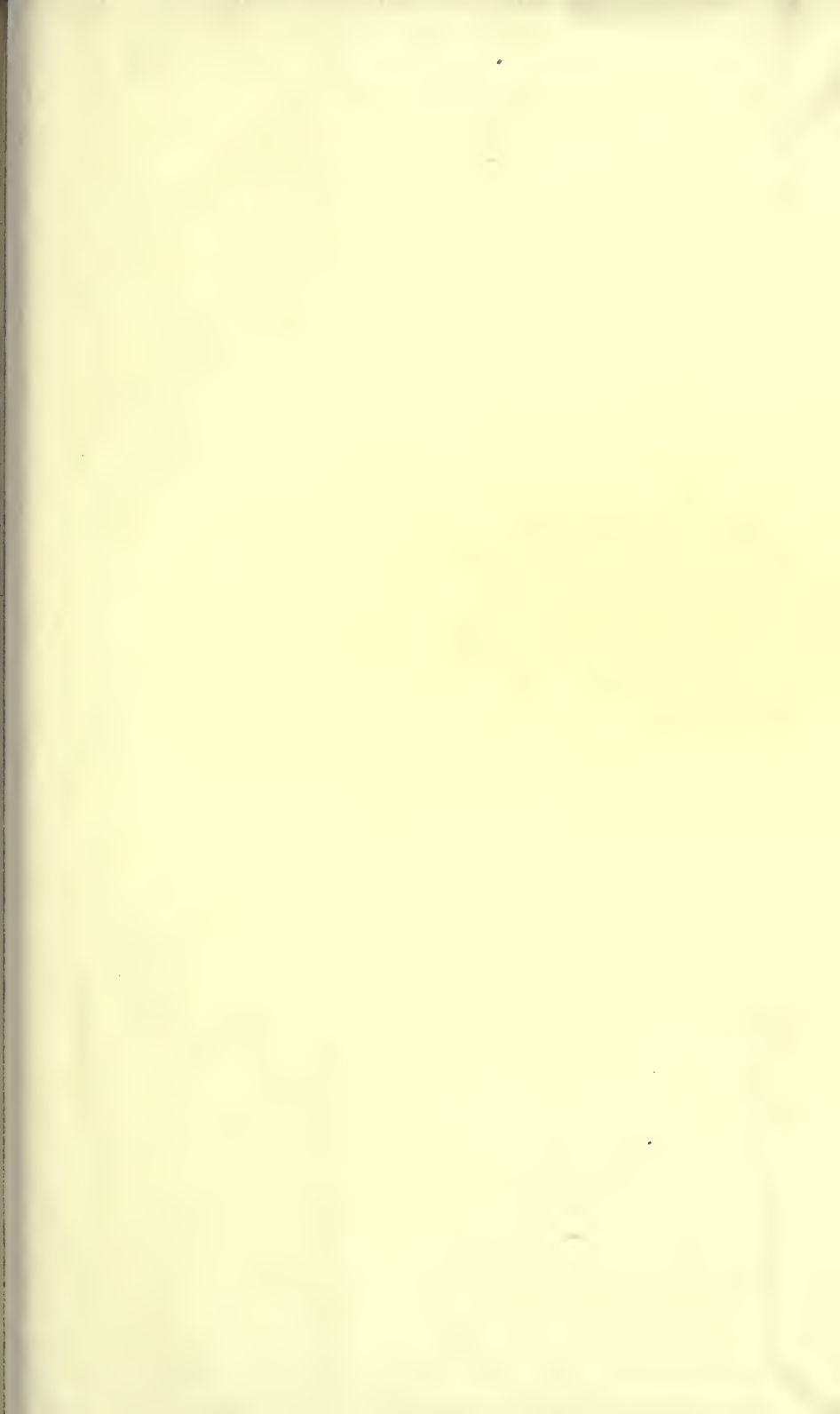
Grace on the golden dales
Of Thine old Christian Wales
 Shower till they sing,—
Till Erin's island Lawn
Echo the dulcet-drawn
Song with a shout of Dawn—
 God save the King !

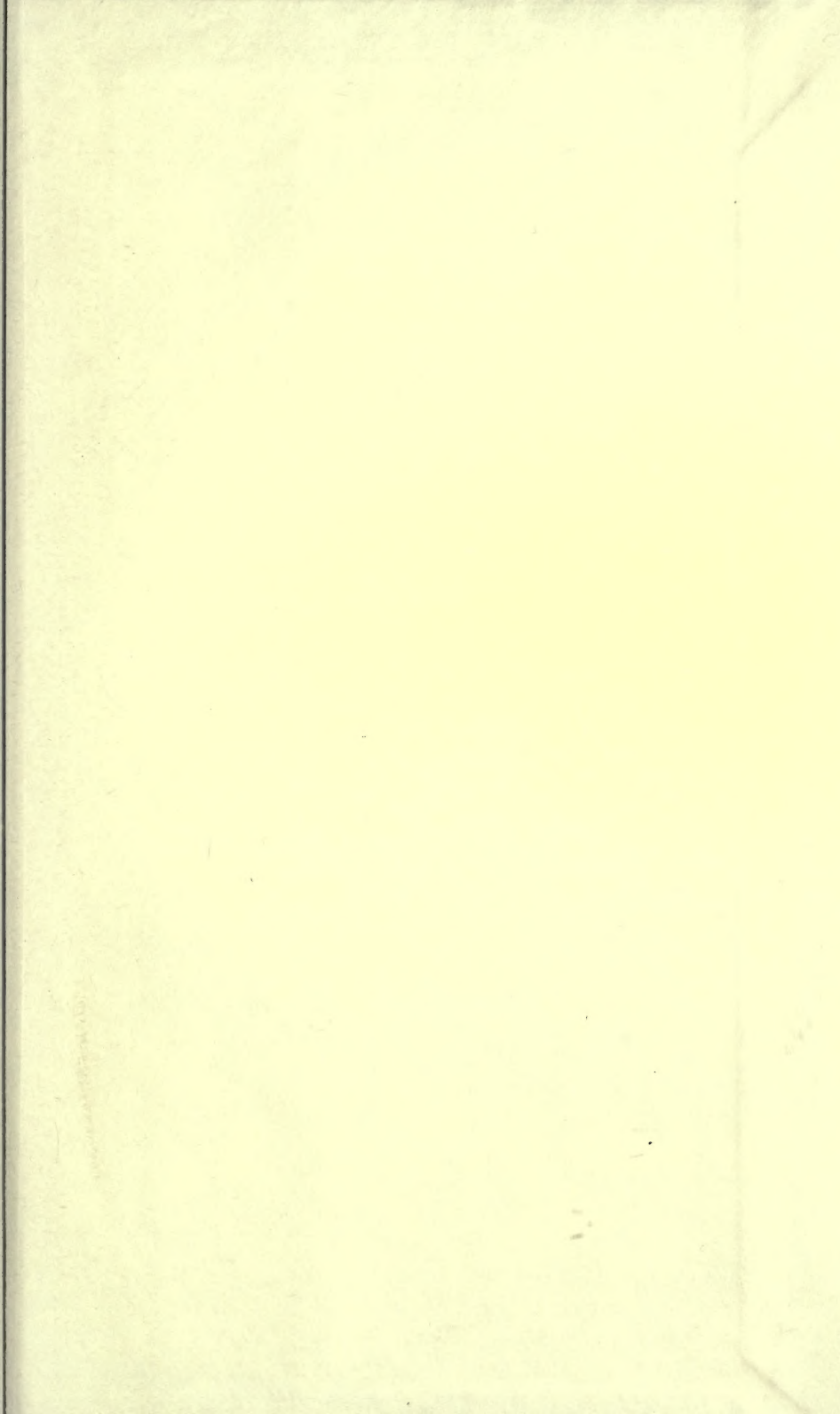
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